

# Steve Cartwright

---

## My soul slips away to the stars



Art is so hard  
I am so useless  
I sit in the shed  
Strum myself senseless  
I'm forcing myself  
Into being creative  
Scared stiff I can't be  
And all the while waiting  
Each fruitless attempt confirms that I'm hopeless  
And so I give up  
And open the Bordeaux  
And slowly I swig it  
Until I'm a moron  
I stutter and stagger  
Until with a wild and a drunken last gesture  
I thrust through the door With a fist full of anger  
The catch will not move My wrist is committed  
It slides through the hard jagged edge of the window  
My flesh is ripped open  
My tendons are severed  
The blood is released It flees like a fountain  
I'm dying and fainting  
I slip in its stickiness  
I slide to the ground Unbelievable heaviness  
And there in the arms of my Fylde in the moonlight  
My soul slips away to the stars